The World.

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MIDDLEMEN.

AT the American Museum of Natural History there is an exhibition which everybody should know about. It tells in concrete form the story of how little the producer gets of what the consumer pays and how successive middlemen receive more than the laborers who do the work, the capitalists who furnish the employment and the farmers and miners who produce the raw material.

The Child Labor Committee, the Consumers' League and the College Settlements Association arranged an exhibition of life and labor in the tenement house. There are models and photographs showing how families live in two rooms and take in boarders, and how the fathers, mothers, children and boarders work together making clothing.

One of the exhibits shows a baby's dress which cost fourteen cents for labor, twenty cents for material and sold at a fine shop for $2.50. Shirts which retail at $1.50 represented a payment for labor and cost of less than forty cents. Dresses which sold on Fifth avenue for $5 apiece paid only twenty cents to the women and children who sewed them.

Many of the visitors were shocked at these great discrepancies between cost and value and at the pictures of the labor which produced them.

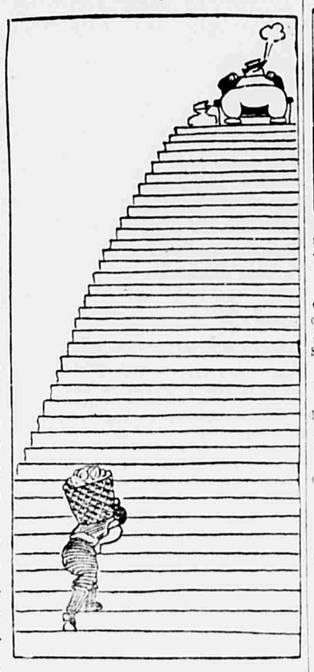
The exhibition would be of even more educational value were its scope wider. There should be a minature oil well and a photograph of men drilling it, risking their lives to blow it with dynamite, laboring night and day to keep pumps going and the supply of petroleum flowing.

For their labor, their capital and risking their lives they receive one and a half cents a gallon. The Standard Oil Company takes this petroleum and sells the naphtha, gasoline, paraffine and other by-products for more than the whole original cost and the transportation and the refining, and then charges eleven cents a gallon for the kerosene.

The producer gets one-tenth of what the consumer pays.

Another picture should be a dairy farm where the wife gets up by lamplight to have breakfast ready before sunrise, and the farmer begins milking at 4 o'clock to be at the station with his filled cans before the milk train comes. He has invested in his farm and cows an average of $300 capital to each cow. He works hard and long hours. For his milk he averages less than three cents a quart and the consumer in New York pays eight cents.

The fruit raiser spends his winter spraying and pruning his trees, his spring and summer in cultivating and fertilizing them, his fall in gathering, packing and shipping fruit. After paying for the barrel, the freight and the commission man, he receives about one-third of a cent for an apple which the street peddlers sell at two for five cents.



The truckman is lucky to get two cents a head for lettuce and forty cents a bushel for potatoes. The canning factories are now making their tomato contracts at $8 a ton, and the farmers who have kept cabbage over the winter are trying to get $6 a ton.

Two-thirds of the people of the United States are working hard producing things to eat and to wear. Half of the other third are working hard in transporting these things from one neighborhood to the other.

Yet the people who produce nothing, but who merely act as mediums of exchange and distribution between producers and consumers, get as much for themselves as all the others put together.

"Pay-As-You-Enter."

By Maurice Ketten.

This Will Show You That a Man Can't Talk About Woman's Dress Without Chirping Like a Street Car "Ad." or Being Foolish

By Roy L. McCardell.


ROY L. McCARDELL

"IN the name of goodness, what's that thing?" asked Mr. Jarr as he regarded Mrs. Jarr's neckdressing with surprise and awe.

"That's a Nazimova collar, that's all," said Mrs. Jarr, calmly.

"Oh, that's all, is it?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Well, if I wore anything like that you wouldn't say 'That's all!'"

"I don't see why you interest yourself so much in what I wear, after I get it. You do not appear to be interested in my getting anything new," said Mrs. Jarr.

"And that's new, is it?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Not so very new," said Mrs. Jarr. "It used to be called the Bernhardt collar, and it has been in some time, but only extreme dressers wore them; but now they are THE thing, especially if you have the Nazimova cuffs, as this dress has. But to wear a ready made Nazimova collar, while they are very becoming to some people, of course, why"——

"Why, you wouldn't wear 'em, you were going to say?" added Mr. Jarr.

"They do irritate one under the ear, and one gown made in that style is enough, without wearing the ready made collars," explained Mrs. Jarr. "Of course, when I had this new crepe de Chine made, Mrs. Kittingly and Mrs. Stryver both begged me to have it made with Nazimova collars and sleeves. See how tight they fit."

"Aren't you afraid of choking yourself?" asked Mr. Jarr. "And don't you think that pulse warmer style of sleeve will impede the circulation?"

"What of it?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "An impaired circulation makes one's hands look whiter. Of course, I thought the style too pronounced for me. But I see lots of women older than I am wearing the Nazimova—oh, very much older than me."

"But don't you think you are just a little too—ahem!—plump for that style of collar?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"I am not getting any stouter! And don't you say I am!" flashed Mrs. Jarr.

"That's just like a man! A woman imagines when upon a rare occasion a man does notice her dress that he is going to compliment her on it, but he isn't; he's going to say 'You're too fat!' Talk of women saying mean things. If a man can't hint you are getting old he tells you you are getting fat!"

"I didn't tell you anything of the kind," said Mr. Jarr, "but I should think that would be a better style for a woman with a skinny neck; you have a pretty neck—a very pretty neck."

This helped some, but Mrs. Jarr wasn't wholly mollified. "And even if I am a little plump," she said, "the Nazimova collar is to take away that effect and give an air of gracefulness to the neck and make one carry one's chin poised nicely."

"Oh, it's all right," said Mr. Jarr hastily.

"It is to give one the effect of snakiness," continued Mrs. Jarr. "Nazimova in 'The Comet' dressed the style extreme, as if to impersonate a cobra. It was startling."

"Looks giraffey to me," said Mr. Jarr. "And why should women want to dress snaky? If you told one she was a snake she'd get mad."

"Yes, and she'd get mad if you told her she was a cat or anything else unpleasant," said Mrs. Jarr. "However, I'm your wife and you can say anything mean to me you like! And I thought you'd be pleased to see me in my new dress; everybody says it's very becoming!"

"But you can't turn your head to look after anybody without turning your whole body around," faltered Mr. Jarr.

"Do I wear a dress to make it easy to turn my head to look after people in the streets?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "I leave that for the men to do."

"They'll certainly do it if you wear that dress," said Mr. Jarr softly.

This information did not seem to be wholly displeasing to Mrs. Jarr, and she replied mildly that if men chose to look after her she couldn't help it.

"Well," said Mr. Jarr, "if it suits you it suits me; only I can't see why men or women won't dress sensibly. How can anybody be so foolish as to put anything around their necks like that?"

Then Mr. Jarr, who was dressing to go out with his good lady, proceeded to array himself in a high white collar the points of which stuck up in his double chin until he had to spend the evening with his head up in the air like a horse galled with a check-rein.

Juvenile Courtship

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM IN DARKTOWN.

By F. G. Long

Letters from the People.

Smoking Cars for Subway.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Since I moved to this city from Boston some time ago, I have often noticed the poor service given to subway and "L" patrons. The rear car of every subway and "L" train in Boston is given up to the men as a smoking car, and I am sure if such a scheme meets with popularity in Boston, it should here. What do other readers think about it? D. A. WATSON.

Series Ended March 14.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Kindly inform me whether the "Stories of the Operas" have ended. The last number which I have is No. 43 (Donizetti's "Elixir of Love"), which appeared in The Evening World of March 14. F. L., JR.

For "Junior" Guardsmen.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In reference to "the defense of New York," do not readers think the following plan would strengthen our means of defense: An act should be passed making all National Guard organizations maintain a junior corps. This corps should be composed of young men between the ages of fifteen and eighteen. Each member of such corps to enlist for one year, and in return for small dues (within reach of all working boys) receive the regular drill of the senior organization once a week by the commander, and also have the free use of the armory two or three specified evenings a week. The above plan, I believe, will crowd the armories and give the young men a military training and when the country calls for volunteers among those to respond will be many who have military training. Besides making the army stronger, some of the members could, in the event of there being a scarcity of officers, be used for that purpose. Readers, let's hear from you on this subject. M. P.

March 17, 1809.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

How many years ago was the Windsor Hotel fire? M. C.

Would Save His Mother.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In answer to the letter asking if a man should save his wife, mother or child, if I were the man and I could save but one I think I would save my mother, as she is dearest to me. A man can have but one mother. IRVING.

The Greatest of Short Story Writers.

O. Henry's Stories of New York Life

Story No. 12.

The Count and Wedding Guest.

(From "The Trimmed Lamp," by O. Henry.)

(Copyrighted, 1907, by McClure, Phillips & Co.)

ONE evening when Andy Donovan went to dinner at his Second avenue boarding-house, Mrs. Scott introduced him to a new boarder, a young lady, Miss Conway. Miss Conway was small and unobtrusive.

Two weeks later Andy was sitting on the front steps enjoying his cigar. There was a soft rustle behind and above him, and Andy turned his head—and had his head turned.

Just coming out the door was Miss Conway. She wore a night-black dress of crepe de—crepe de—oh, this thin black goods. Her hat was black, and from it drooped and fluttered an ebon veil, filmy as a spider's web. She stood on the top step and drew on black silk gloves.

Mr. Donovan suddenly reinscribed Miss Conway upon the tablets of his consideration.

"It's a fine, clear evening, Miss Conway," he said.

"To them that has the heart to enjoy it it is, Mr. Donovan," said Miss Conway with a sigh.

"I hope none of your relatives—I hope you haven't sustained a loss?" ventured Mr. Donovan.

"Death has claimed," said Miss Conway, hesitating—"not a relative, but one who—but I will not intrude my grief upon you, Mr. Donovan."

"Intrude?" protested Mr. Donovan. "Why, say, Miss Conway, I'd be delighted, that is, I'd be sorry—I mean I'm sure nobody could sympathize with you truer than I would."

The Fair Mourner.

Miss Conway smiled a little smile. And oh, it was sadder than her expression in repose.

"'Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep, and they give you the laugh,'" she quoted.

"I have learned that, Mr. Donovan. I have no friends or acquaintances in this city. But you have been kind to me. I appreciate it highly."

He had passed her the pepper twice at the table.

"It's tough to be alone in New York—that's a cinch," said Mr. Donovan. "But, say—whenever this little old town does loosen up and get friendly it goes the limit. Say you took a little stroll in the park, Miss Conway—don't you think it might chase away some of your mullygrubs? And if you'd allow me"——

"Thanks, Mr. Donovan, I'd be pleased to accept of your escort if you think the company of one whose heart is filled with gloom could be anyways agreeable to you."

Through the open gates of the iron-railed, old, downtown park, where the elect once took the air, they strolled, and found a quiet bench.

'He Was My Fiance!'

"He was my fiance," confided Miss Conway at the end of an hour. "We were going to be married next spring. I don't want you to think that I am stringing you, Mr. Donovan, but he was a real Count. He had an estate and a castle in Italy. Count Fernando Mazzini was his name. I never saw the beat of him for elegance. Papa objected, of course, and once we eloped, but papa overtook us, and took us back. I thought sure papa and Fernando would fight a duel. Papa has a livery business—in P'kipsee, you know.

"Finally papa came 'round all right, and said we might be married next spring. Fernando showed him proofs of his title and wealth, and then went over to Italy to get the castle fixed up for us. Papa's very proud, and when Fernando wanted to give me several thousand dollars for my trousseau he called him down something awful. He wouldn't even let me take a ring or any presents from him. And when Fernando sailed I came to the city and got a position as cashier in a candy store.

"Three days ago I got a letter from Italy, forwarded from P'kipsee, saying that Fernando had been killed in a gondola accident.

"That is why I am in mourning. My heart, Mr. Donovan will remain forever in his grave. I guess I am poor company, Mr. Donovan, but I cannot take any interest in no one. I should not care to keep you from gayety and your friends who can smile and entertain you. Perhaps you would prefer to walk back to the house?"

"I'm Awful Sorry!"

"I'm awful sorry," said Mr. Donovan, gently. "No, we won't walk back to the house just yet. And don't say you haven't no friends in this city, Miss Conway. I'm awful sorry, and I want you to believe I'm your friend, and that I'm awful sorry."

"I've got his picture here in my locket," said Miss Conway, after wiping her eyes with her handkerchief. "I never showed it to anybody; but I will to you, Mr. Donovan, because I believe you to be a true friend."

Mr. Donovan gazed long and with much interest at the photograph in the locket that Miss Conway opened for him. The face of Count Mazzini was one to command interest. It was a smooth, intelligent, bright, almost a handsome face—the face of a strong, cheerful man who might well be a leader among his fellows.

"I have a larger one, framed, in my room," said Miss Conway. "When we return I will show you that. They are all I have to remind me of Fernando. But he ever will be present in my heart, that's a sure thing."

Before they parted in the hall that evening she ran upstairs and brought down the framed photograph wrapped lovingly in a white silk scarf. Mr. Donovan surveyed it with inscrutable eyes.

"He gave me this the night he left for Italy," said Miss Conway. "I had the one for the locket made from this."

"A fine-looking man," said Mr. Donovan, heartily. "How would it suit you, Miss Conway, to give me the pleasure of your company to Coney next Sunday afternoon?"

A month later they announced their engagement to Mrs. Scott and the other boarders. Miss Conway continued to wear black.

A week after the announcement the two sat on the same bench in the downtown park, while the fluttering leaves of the trees made a dim kaleidoscopic picture of them in the moonlight. But Donovan had worn a look of abstracted gloom all day. He was so silent tonight that love's lips could not keep back any longer the questions that love's heart propounded.

"What's the matter, Andy, you are so solemn and grouchy to-night?"

"I'll tell you, then," said Andy wisely, "but I guess you won't understand it exactly. You've heard of Mike Sullivan, haven't you? 'Big Mike' Sullivan, everybody calls him."

"No, I haven't," said Maggie. "And I don't want to, if he makes you act like this. Who is he?"

'Biggest Man in New York!'

"He's the biggest man in New York," said Andy, almost reverently. "He can about do anything he wants to with Tammany or any other old thing in the political line. He's a mile high and as broad as East River. You say anything against 'Big Mike,' and you'll have a million men on your collarbone in about two seconds. Why, he made a visit over to the old country awhile back, and the kings took to their holes like rabbits.

"Well, Big Mike's a friend of mine. I ain't more than deuce high in the district as far as influence goes, but Mike's as good a friend to a little man or a poor man as he is to a big one. I met him to-day on the Bowery, and what do you think he does? Comes up and shakes hands. 'Andy,' says he, 'I've been keeping cases on you. You've been putting in some good licks over on your side of the street, and I'm proud of you. What'll you take to drink?' He takes a cigar and I take a highball. I told him I was going to get married in two weeks. 'Andy,' says he, 'send me an invitation, so I'll keep in mind of it, and I'll come to the wedding.' That's what Big Mike says to me, and he always does what he says.

"You don't understand it, Maggie, but I'd have one of my hands cut off to have Big Mike Sullivan at our wedding. It would be the proudest day of my life. When he goes to a man's wedding there's a guy being married that's made for life. Now, that's why I'm maybe looking sore to-night."

A Mystery.

"Why don't you invite him, then, if he is so much to the mustard?"

"Maggie," said Andy, presently, "do you think as much of me as you did of your—as you did of the Count Mazzini?"

He waited a long time, but Maggie did not reply. And then, suddenly, she leaned against his shoulder and began to cry—to cry and shake with sobs, holding his arm tightly, and wetting the crepe de Chine with tears.

"There, there, there!" soothed Andy, putting aside his own trouble. "And what is it, now?"

"Andy," sobbed Maggie. "I've lied to you and you'll never marry me, or love me any more. But I feel that I've got to tell. Andy, there never was so much as the little finger of a count. I never had a beau in my life. But all the other girls had; and they talked about 'em, and that seemed to make the fellows like 'em more. And, Andy, I look swell in black—you know I do. So I went out to a photograph store and bought that picture, and had a little one made for my locket, and made up all that story about the Count, and about his being killed, so I could wear black. And nobody can love a liar, and you'll shake me, Andy, and I'll die for shame. Oh, there never was anybody I liked but you—and that's all."

Confession.

But instead of being pushed away, she found Andy's arm folding her closer. She looked up and saw his face cleared and smiling.

"Could you—could you forgive me, Andy?"

"Sure," said Andy. "It's all right about that. Back to the cemetery for the Count. You've straightened everything out, Maggie. I was in hopes you would before the wedding day. Bully girl!"

"Andy," said Maggie, with a somewhat sly smile, after she had been thoroughly assured of forgiveness, did you believe all that story about the Count?"

"Well, not to any large extent," said Andy, reaching for his cigar case; "because it's Big Mike Sullivan's picture you've got in that locket of yours."

Another O. Henry Story To-morrow.

A Glimpse of Paradise.

By Cora M. W. Greenleaf.

I CAUGHT a glimpse of Paradise
While gazing in my sweetheart's eyes.
The light of neither "land or sea"
For one brief moment shone on me—
That perfect joy that ne'er can be
In stern life's sad reality.
But now I know and realize
The perfect love that poets prize
And sing of in their ecstasy.
No matter now what clouds arise,
No matter what before me lies,
That swift, shy look of sweet surprise
Will ever more abide with me
Thro' time and all eternity.